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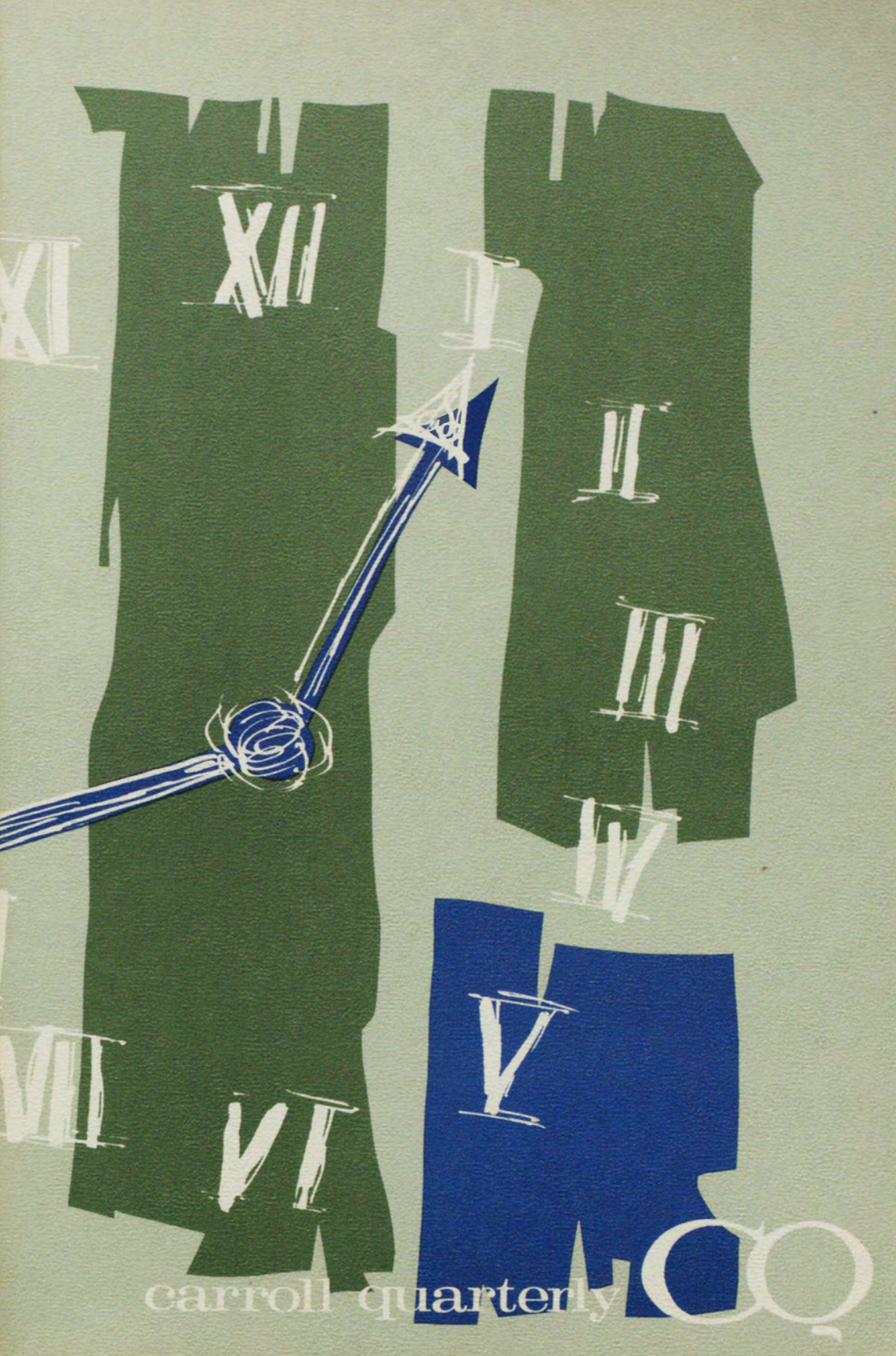
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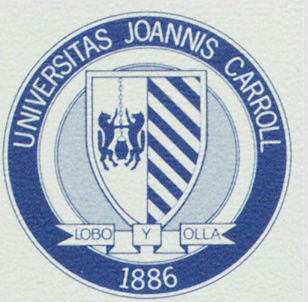
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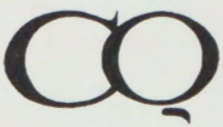


Carroll Quarterly, a literary magazine produced by an undergraduate staff and written by the students, alumni, and faculty of John Carroll University, University Heights, Ohio.

Volume 21 Autumn, 1967 Number 1

Contents

Here & There:

the View from No. 11, D.S.

Welcome to the opening pages of Volume 21 of the *Carroll Quarterly*. The editors and staff, almost unchanged from last year, have set out to provide an even better, more extensive, colorful, and interesting *Quarterly*. As the staff begins its second year of work, it sincerely requests that the literary and scholarly efforts of the University community be bent somewhat for consideration for publication. That is, after all, what the *Carroll Quarterly* is for. Accomplishment in literature and in scholarly endeavor on the University level is what it seeks and encourages.

As for this issue, then, we are glad to announce the initiation of a new *Quarterly* policy. Hereinafter, art work — including sketches, water colors, pen and pencil drawings—and photography — both color and black and white — will be considered for publication within the necessary limits of the *Quarterly* budget. Inaugurating this new policy is a group of black and white sketches by Mary Ann Magner, which appear on pages 33, 34, and 35. Any submission of art work should be put in the *Quarterly* box in the front of the English department, sent to the Editor of the *Quarterly*, or entrusted to the worthy care of the secretary of the English department, Miss Lynn Carrier. The artwork or photographs will be returned.

We will also try, insofar as it is possible, to return manuscripts submitted for publication. The rules governing the submission of manuscripts are much the same as they were last year. All manuscripts must be legible, preferably typed. The upper one-third of the first page of a manuscript must be left vacant for the use of the staff. All manuscripts must be accompanied by an address to which they may be returned, and anyone who uses a pseudonymn must accompany it with the author's name. This information will be kept in the confidence of the Editor. The *Quarterly* seeks and encourages (to use an earlier phrase) works of any kind from any student, faculty members, or alumni.

We think you will enjoy the contents of this issue. Of special note is John Bruening's *Eighteen Sonnets on Sonnet Eighteen*, beginning on page 17. Mr. Bruening has composed an excellent and imaginative commentary in poetry on one of Shakespeare's most famous sonnets. Associate Editor Christopher Schraff and Contributing Editor James L. McCrystal offer reviews of two timely and provocative, and entertaining books, *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control*, by Fred W. Friendly, and *Cleveland: the Best Kept Secret*, by George Condon. The variety of other stories and poems should be of interest and provide pleasure to almost everyone.

The *Quarterly* Best Published Author Awards will be announced in the fourth number of the year next Spring. These two awards are presented annually to the best non-staff student writers of the year and all who may fit into that category are encouraged to keep the awards in mind.

•

The man who constructed Kulas Auditorium's balcony was either a giant or had a special grudge against those who buy the cheapest seats.

During last month's concert there, we had the misfortune of landing in the balcony bandbox. What a show! We saw one bow, a dozen earrings, some Boss hair-spray (for men only)

and over 20,000 strands of ratted hair!

In all honesty we must say we did catch a glimpse of the stage. However, that wasn't until the auditorium was emptying at the conclusion. For all we know it could have been our father singing (although he sings with more a rock type delivery rather than with a folk song approach).

Roughly four fist fights broke out while people jostled for positions to see the singer. There were numerous threats and verbal thrashings, so the evening wasn't a total loss.

Next time we're not going to be caught unawares again. We plan on practicing our yodeling and perhaps being an extra entertainer. The voice may not be too sharp, but at least the viewpoint will.

•

The ingenuous reader, when he first gazes at the title, *The Wapshot Chronicle,* is immediately inclined to believe (if he is an Italian reader gazing at the title) that it is the story of a depraved Italian family, living in New England, ill lit and slandered by a WASP named Cheever, who, he knows he will find out, is the only son of a Daughter of the American Revolution, whose husband died from too much Doodling with his Yankee, and left poor John (Cheever) without a father image. This, the imaginative Italian figures out, causes John to grow up with his ugly, buxom mother's maternal prejudices, develop a bad case of acne, and write, quite perversely, for venereal pleasure because his mother, besides being a Daughter of the American Revolution, moonlights as an Albigensian heretic. But unfortunately, the Wapshots turn into WASPS that even the most prejudiced Italian reader would like, because John very naturally presents fornication, masturbation, adultery, and frigidity in a most amusing and endearing way.

The plot is based on Aunt Honora Wapshot's desire to see Coverly and Moses Wapshot fathers of male heirs in order to continue the Wapshot line. She supplies an incentive to accomplish this heroic task, and this is money. "Gay old aunt!" laughs the stricken Italian. "I never thought *that* happened in New England. I didn't think anything happened in New England."

This sounds like a pretty stupid plot, but John (Cheever) has interjected long sub-plots in which Moses rambles over a "chaos of gables" in search of sex; and has Coverly married to a New York delicatessen wench, and then has him leave to the South Seas as a taper. Apparently, there are no girls in St. Botolphs, at least not on the ground.

The most amusing development is yet to come, though, for Honora really doesn't have any money, causing her nephews to play without pay. But Cheever, unwittingly, in the style of true artistic greatness, philosophically explains this by quoting Leander's diary when this head of the Wapshot clan laconically declares, "Never make love with pants on." The now consummated reader then replies, "At least without money in the pockets."

•

The Art of Being Dead, Gracefully

You, I, happily led 'til we're dead stretched in a wooden (actually some of our clients, so to speak, prefer the bronze, steel, chromium, aluminum alloy type enclosure) box with an

automatic spring hinge sunk in eighteen inches of concrete six feet under (of course you realize this insures no disfiguration of the box, the automatic spring hinge or your). What profound comfort. To be uncorrupted by the occasional spring flood (I needn't tell you that you've chosen an excellent site, on high the automatic spring hinge or you). And nightly the ones below can play a concerto to the king of the high ground while daily the gardeners curse you for making them mow uphill. (As you know, our fee includes weekly care of the plot and headstone, so rest assured on that count.) What a relief. No mud on the headstone and no vile grass straining to spoil everything. And the finely carved letters and numbers shall not pass away (I must point out the fact that the actual gravestone is of the finest Italian marble available and is virtually weatherproof for quite some time).

Immortalized for centuries, one, two, three, still quite dead, but gracefully.

— James L. Bourke Jr.

Un acre odore di foglie marcite
e profuso nell'aria invernale
Quarto uomini attorno alla tavola
giocano a carte.
Fumo, vino, e risate
per una donna morente
che giace
accanto a un bambino.

— GIACOMO STRIULI

Autumn

A bitter odor of leaves decaying
lies heavy in the wintry air
Four men around the table
play cards.
Smoke, wine, bursts of laughter
for a dying woman
who lies
next to a baby.

— STEPHEN PORTER (trans.)

The Making of a Lost Cause: The Fallacy of an Anti-Vietnam Third Party

Recently, John Kenneth Galbraith, the newly chosen director of Americans for Democratic Action and a thoughtful critic of the Johnson Vietnam policy, was asked his opinion of the movement to run a third party "peace" candidate for the Presidency in 1968. The Harvard economist replied laconically that "his enthusiasm for lost causes was well under control." Galbraith's disdain for "lost causes" is not, however, shared by a great many other liberals across the land. They seem instead to be savoring the opportunity to launch their anti-Vietnam crusade onto the difficult waters of presidential politics. They exude a zeal not seen in the liberal camp since the days of Adlai Stevenson's candidacy.

Numbered among this band of amateur Jim Farleys are many of the author's close friends who find it difficult to comprehend why he fails to share their relish at the prospect of supporting a Benjamin Spock or a Martin Luther King in 1968. Indeed, they have on occasion gone so far as to question his liberal credentials because of his obvious reluctance. They endlessly point out the classic role of third parties in American history. They patiently explain that they have no illusions regarding their ability to capture the White House on the wings of a massive popular majority. They recognize that they will finish third in a three (or four, if George Wallace decides to try his luck) horse race; they have accepted that cold fact. The value of their movement will lie, they state, not in victory but in their very presence. They will mobilize so significant a protest vote that neither major party will dare to ignore their existence. One or both will seek to incorporate that vote into its own columns for the following election by adopting the platform principles espoused by the dissenters. That is true victory in American third party politics, not to win in numbers but instead, to triumph in ideas. To buttress their case, the author's friends are fond of citing the Populists of the 1890's, the Progressives of 1912, and even the Republicans of the 1850's, who were not a third party in the strict sense of the term.

Since, in the academic community and elsewhere, most of the exponents of this type of approach to the Vietnam dilemma are not historians by training, one can only assume that they learned their dictum regarding third parties back in the dim days of an undergraduate history survey course, probably in freshman or sophomore year. Survey courses have

a habit of formulating historical laws which do not stand close scrutiny. Such, unfortunately, is the case here.

The principal reason for the third party ploy seeming so attractive today is the element of truth present in the rule of ideas over numbers. American historians do regard some minor parties as successful because they have impressed their plans or programs onto the thinking of a major party. Both the Democrats and the Republicans have adopted ideas originally conceived and promulgated by a third party. However, that thought which so comforts the would-be peace party organizer must be qualified by four facts which have been forgotten in the optimism of this pre-election year.

First, for every Populist party surrendering its own identity in the face of Democratic usurpation of almost its entire platform, there are a dozen third party failures; parties whose ideas died with them and never remotely approached being absorbed into the consensus of political policy. The Union Party of 1936, that Alice-in-Wonderland amalgam of Townsendites, Father Coughlin adherents, and still diehard followers of the assassinated Huey Long, ran a dismally poor race with its nominee, "Liberty Bill" Lemke. The Unionites never offered an idea of any significance that a major party felt constrained to adopt. Of more recent memory, the 1948 examples of Henry Wallace's Progressives and Strom Thurmond's Dixiecrats offer two other instances of abject failure. No political legacies have been provided us by those two. The list is almost endless. The Anti-Masonics of 1832, the Constitutional Unionites of 1860, the Liberal Republicans of 1872 and more could be cited. Suffice it to say that the third party route is only slightly less difficult than a Mt. Everest climb without experience.

Nevertheless, it must be admitted there are also examples of success and so the possibility remains. Hope flickers eternally in this case. But here again it is necessary to prick the bubble of naive optimism with additional facts. The first of these deals with the timing of third party successes. With only a few exceptions, third parties find their greatest potency in periods of severe economic hardship. The Populists of the 1890's co-existed with a major depression which had begun in 1893, and more importantly, the farmers of the West and South who were the heart of the People's Party had been living in hard times since the late 1880's.

Much the same situation prevailed with the LaFollette Progressives of 1924. While the twenties were superficially prosperous, the western farmer, the nucleus of the LaFollette strength, was not sharing in the general prosperity. To all intents and purposes, the American farmer had entered his depression in 1920, almost ten years before the remainder of the country. It could also be noted that the Republican party benefited enormously from the business slump that began in 1857 and the Greenback-Labor party was organized and reached its greatest strength during the depression of the 1870's. In the United States downturns in the economy are blamed upon the party in power and offer the only really fertile period for the spawning of parties of protest. Granted that the blight of poverty in the nation's city ghettoes today is real and stark, there is still not the all-pervading middle class economic distress that would spell the really significant vote-

pulling power a third party would require.

It might be stated at this point, in rebuttal to the above remarks, that the Progressives of 1912, the famous Bullmoosers of Theodore Roosevelt, were highly successful in an era of prosperity, so successful in fact that they ran ahead of a major party, the Republicans, and came the closest of any minor party to actually winning a presidential election. This brings us to the third fact of third party politics, the principle of pre-existing receptiveness. In the instances of success such as 1912, that very success was based upon a public opinion already receptive to the ideas that were being espoused.

In 1912 the mood of the nation was distinctly in sympathy with liberal reform aims. That reform mood, however, was ignored by a Republican party which bowed to its Old Guard wing and renominated the moderate conservative, William Howard Taft. Somewhat the same situation prevailed in 1848 when both major parties ignored the issue of slavery which so concerned the Northern mind, thus leaving the door ajar for the emergence of the Free Soil party in which so many prominent Republicans of later years took their political training.

Similar also were the circumstances surrounding the emergence of the Populists in 1892. The conservatism of both Republican and Democratic candidates provided the opportunity. When the major parties refused to address themselves to the one overriding issue of the time, the obvious evils that had accompanied the process of industrialization in the United States, the Populists with their program of government regulation were able to fill the void and become the first minor party since the Civil War to break into the electoral column, a traditional standard of success for third parties.

Is there a condition of pre-existing receptiveness at this time? It is doubtful. If polls are to be believed, a peace candidate would not be expressing a desire of the public that has been ignored by the major parties. Messers. Gallup, Harris, Roper and company have continually made the point that the liberals opposed to the U.S. presence in Vietnam are a small minority of the public and that the Democrats with their moderate policy and the Republicans from their more hawkish position on the right actually represent the overwhelming bulk of popular sentiment. The outlook, therefore, would appear to be bleak for any such new party.

Lastly, it should be pointed out that third parties reap significant votes only when their tickets are headed by charismatic figures whose personal magnetism can actually draw support not at all associated with the issues. Such men as Theodore Roosevelt and Bob LaFollette particularly illustrate this fact. Their parties were, in many ways, simply vehicles for their own personalities. No one on the immediate political horizon, at this moment, including Dr. King, seems to possess the requisite electricity.

If history is of value in understanding the present, and all historians believe it is, then what conclusions can be reached on the basis of the considerations just described? Obviously, it is the author's opinion that the attempt to form an anti-Vietnam party would be futile. Even more

important than the wasted money and effort involved is the possibility that the support withheld from the incumbent President could result in the election of a candidate favoring an even greater escalation of the conflict and a return to conservative domestic policy. The third party thus becomes a form of liberal death-wish. Nevertheless, it seems probable that there will be a peace candidate on the ballot in most states despite the record of history and the possible consequences. One thing about lost causes, they have a fatally compelling attraction.

— C. JOSEPH PUSATERI

•

After All, I Was a German

I went to Mexico once
And tried to be one of the natives.

With the most macho
I drank tequila
And whored
A huevo,
Grew a mustache,
Fought,
Shouted el grito
And sang in a corner
About my tragic love
Long lost.

For a while
They played my game
And fed me tacitos
Muy enchiladas
Y frijoles
Con tortillas comidos.

But when I joined them
In anger
And romantic abandon,
Repeating with anxious conviction
Their talk about gringos,
Corruption in high places,
Sacred soil of the nation
Sold to dollar bidders,
Past wars,
Heroic deeds unsung
And wet-back terror,
They smiled at me sadly
And reminded me that, after all,
I was a German.

— ULF GOEBEL

On Bird Sanctuaries in General

There is an inlet on the Potomac
which harbors birds and people
since it is difficult, at times,
to tell the watched from the watchers.
In this place I watched you visible but
just out of reach. I saw the wind play no
favorites in that spot, spilling over hazel-green
eyes, sometimes-colored hair.
Visible, but just out of reach, you were.
Never were you more delightful than when you
spoke and I perhaps, only when I was silent,
and so each waited and wondered for the other.
It is a strange path we walk together and yet apart,
meeting every so often only to find we still walk
together, only apart. Visible, but just out of reach.

— JAMES L. BOURKE JR.

The Symbiotic Me

I AM A WHITE
rhinoceros
wrinkled
in moonly soaks
hided
in snow spangles
mailed
in watery pearls
ALSO
I AM A RED
bird
feathered
in companionship
fed
on small, white-mites
ridden
on the moon of my horn
reflected
in my golden beast-eyes
shown
they chalice God
ALSO
I AM BUGS
linking
bird to beast
feeding
songs to harmonize
with canyoned crystal grunts
MOSTLY
I AM LISTENING.

— MARY ANN MAGNER

A Friendly View

Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control, *by Fred W. Friendly, 325 pp., Random House, $6.95. A recollection of the television industry from its pioneering days to the present. Mr. Friendly, former president of CBS News, also discusses the remedies for the contemporary problems of television and presents his own program for the solution of its plights.*

* *

Seventeen percent of total daily air time on each television network is devoted to the presentation of the most effective depressants known to American man — the commercial. Ninety-nine percent of all commercials are trite, uninteresting and uninforming. Rarely, though, has so much value been attached to so little substance. Which explains why there is never any dearth of commercials. No television executive likes to cut a minute of commercial time when the loss of revenue could be $50,000 or more. This fact also explains why Fred W. Friendly is no longer President of CBS News and instead has written a book called *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control.*

Mr. Friendly, also former director of *CBS Reports* and co-producer of *See It Now* (along with Edward R. Murrow), presents the thesis that mediocrity on commercialized television networks is directly attributable to the economics involved, especially to an insatiable lust for continuously increased profits (with the accent on "increased"). Sponsors, in order to sell effectively, have tended to avoid controversial topics—the kind which often occur on special news reports or documentary programs. The result has been an increasing movement to financially support the innocuous, mediocre fanfare that has become the most obvious symptom of television's anemia. The impact of this development has been felt heaviest in Mr. Friendly's area: the reporting of news.

Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control has three basic parts which Mr. Friendly effectively welds into a panoramic view of the transitional years of television from a communications media with a semblance of responsible journalism to an apathetic system dedicated to the avoidance of controversy and dominated by the dollar diplomacy of sponsors.

The first part of the book narrates the years of Friendly's co-production of the *See It Now* series with Edward R. Murrow. The characteristics of objective presentation of the facts coupled with an honest editorial opinion made *See It Now* a series which breathed with life and relevancy. Friendly is at his best in describing those early days of television production and presentation. It was during those early years, too, that front office support was still in evidence. William Paley, Chairman of CBS, could say to Murrow then, "I'll be with you tonight, Ed, and I'll be with you tomorrow as well." The result was a top-flight documentary series whose shows (such as the two-part program on the investigations of Senator McCarthy) were acclaimed nationwide.

In the second portion of the book, Friendly describes his days as producer of *CBS Reports* and his Presidency of CBS News. Murrow has departed, and with him goes the visible front office support so necessary to the production and presentation of well analyzed news. Although Friendly continues to turn out excellect programs in the *CBS Reports* series (e.g. *Biography of a Bookie Joint*), the noticeable lack of support both from the sponsors and CBS executives causes an untimely demise in the series. And even though Friendly succeeds to the office of presidency of CBS News, the lack of support continues, and even grows. A new executive post is created, presumably as a buffer between Friendly and the front office, to avoid pressure for more air time for news coverage. Finally, when CBS refuses Friendly's request to present George Kennan's testimony before the Foreign Relations Committee and chooses instead to air a fifth rerun of the *I Love Lucy Show*, Friendly angrily resigns.

Friendly uses the third portion of his book to describe the various problems of commercial networks, the impotence of the FCC, and the plight of educational television, whose total budget is only a fraction of that of any network. But there are no villains in *Due to Circumstances*. Friendly describes such men as CBS Chairman William Paley and CBS President Frank Stanton as very human men who have unfortunately come to be dominated by a "system" they unwittingly helped to create, and which is now controlled almost solely by the economic power of sponsors. While Mr. Friendly's economics may at times falter, he nevertheless builds a convincing case for action by the federal government in the area of broadcasting (which incidentally has taken place under the inspiration of the Ford Foundation, Friendly, and others). The result, he hopes, will be a public broadcasting network with programs of public interest, unresponsive to the economic power of large sponsors.

In all, *Due to Circumstances Beyond Our Control* is a well written book, especially in its first two parts. Its noticeable editorial tone serves to point up the major flaws in a communications media which affects the lives and opinions of nearly all Americans. If Mr. Friendly belabors a point or two, it is because the television industry well deserves it. By showing all that television has and hasn't been, Mr. Friendly has not only written a valuable history; he has also produced a timely directive for a most influential communications media.

— CHRISTOPHER SCHRAFF

•

Disciple of a Doppelganger

Each knot of words makes
a toehold in the awful echo
of my solitary climb.
It is you in pantomime.

— MARY ANN MAGNER

Apocalypse

As soon as George arrived in town he went searching for a place to eat. There was a hamburger shop ahead of him, and it sold those fifteen-cent hamburgers with everything on them. It was called the *Antiseptic Nook*, and he thought that was very artsy, the *Antiseptic Nook*. The hamburgers were lousy, but the milkshakes were great. He didn't like the looks of the waitress, though. She was fat, and it was hot, and he was afraid that she would drip on his hamburgers. He didn't even like the customers. The guy next to him had a massive, pussy infection on his forehead, and he was picking it with a fork. Sitting in a booth was a cop with his head in his hands.

He left the *Antiseptic Nook* and walked onto the square. As soon as he approached the fountain, an old acquaintance came bubbling up and asked, *"How are you George?"* Then the world inhaled a ghastly breath, and he disappeared into a flock of pigeons after the students of Mademoiselle Feeney's Beautician School popped their lunch bags.

Meanwhile, Darius had troubles. The news crackled over the school intercom. He was going to be confirmed next year; the bishop had issued orders. His older brother said one time that being confirmed was like being drafted into the army. Darius, while on his way home, was telling John about being confirmed, and how it made you a soldier of God, and how the bishop slapped your face to show you might have to die for the faith and everything. John, who was a Lutheran, and in the eighth grade at Robert Fulton's Grammar School, said he'd rather be a conscientious objector, and not get confirmed. Darius said you couldn't graduate from Saint Philomena's if you didn't, and anyways, he said, his mother would kill him if he didn't. Philosophizing, he told John he felt it wasn't that bad, because they weren't killing Catholics anymore, except when they were the enemy; and then, Darius explained, you get killed no matter who you are.

They were crossing the street, and as they passed, one young girl turned to look at Darius. She asked, *"Where did I see him before?"* Then, the world inhaled, and Darius disappeared.

* * *

There was a hush in the street: old leaves, trickling oil, yellow streetlights, electricity, the quaking of thunder, sweat from the relaxed brow, a breathing sky, the clinking of chains, rubber tires over Belgian block, laughs from darkened windows, and people moving in the flannel night. A white light, the collision of wood (water trickling), a bathroom door, sibilant breathing.

A red marble road, three fools, three brands of chocolate chewing tobacco nobody will buy. Red marble cut thin and smooth, the joints so perfect that it was a ribbon road under a red sun and a red sky.

* * *

She walked through last autumn's leaves, all, dark and decaying. She passed over the rise which marked the end of the fields and the beginning of the city. She walked onto the asphalt road – the trees swaying with the threat of rain, the air charged with the strength of thunder.

The wind, with an inlay of sharp cold blasts, whipped up and held her in its grasp, making her dress and blouse flutter like an excited flag. The rain and the wind of summer stirred in her the primeval feelings. She felt exalted by the action of the wind on her body. It swept and attacked, subduing and capturing always gently, but forcefully. When the rain fell in large drops, she avoided the limbs of the summerconcert trees, walking along the now slick and shiny asphalt scars. The sun burst through one of the large, grey thunderheads which had been enveloping the sky, and the trees and the grass exploded into green.

She tasted the air like a wrinkled seed tasting water, never satisfied, her chest constantly rising and receding. Her long hair was slick with the moisture, and she shuddered slightly, running now. The summer rain was welcome, but now it had changed, and it felt sharp, and stinging, and cold. She ran, scurrying under trees and edging along the sides of the warm, marbled buildings now that the summer rain had gone with the thunderheads, and this winter rain had come: grey and swirling and bitter.

The wind grew in intensity, the clouds flew across the sky. Finally, the wind gusted and the trees showered her with the final drops of the storm.

She turned off the long straight avenue, and hurried down a slender, serpentine path, into some woods, out of sight.

For a second, one long eternal second, there was silence. Then came the clinking of metal on metal, and the hiss of thin rubber tires on water. And then came Darius, riding by on his bike, whistling.

– M. A. PELLEGRINI

•

Region of fairytale, story, song

Region of fairytale, story, song,
In which brave men predominate
And lissom maidens matriculate
To the chant of "..... or .....?"
A place of tombs; of pin-neat rooms
Where a spider spins and a flower blooms.

– ANONYMOUS

Eighteen Sonnets On Sonnet Eighteen

I. PROLOGUE

Come, Muse, and glove my tongue with honeyed praise,
And candied syllables seep in my ear.
Enwrap each word in aromatic glaze
That shall enhance this sonnet of Shakespeare.
Lend me thy lips lest I depreciate
With hollow surds his hallowed poetry,
Or by insipid prattlings desecrate
His sacred thoughts, robed in sapidity.
For I but am a beggar at his shrine,
A pilgrim who must maunder reverence,
Who pilfers images of the divine
And offers vapid wisp as frankincence.
But if a Muse advise a beggar well,
He too can pen the taste of caramel.

II. INTRODUCTION

Dar'st any subject criticize his king,
Or journeyman reform his master's trade,
Or raven teach the meadowlark to sing
And weave the rhythm of its serenade?
I bear no literary alchemy
Presumptuous enough to analyze
A single line of Shakespeare's poetry,
With cunning mind and microscopic eyes.
To cut up verse by keen and probing prose
Marks th'autopsy of any poem's grace.
If logic judge the song love does compose
The melody puts on the ghastly face
Of livid corpse; I therefore shall not speak
In reason's tones, so tedious and bleak.

III. FIRST LINE

Th' initial line's the full facade of song,
That shapes the inner meaning to its mold
And shows what spacious contrasts shall belong
Within the score; thus Shakespeare did unfold
Th' entire thought within a single line.
Love seeks to find a true comparison
Between its object and a thing divine;
Thus the beloved becomes a paragon
Of beauty, magnified by minstrel's dream.
And when is nature's loveliness mature
Save at its apogee, when it does seem
Full of all fruit, serene, warm and secure?
With metaphor the bard began his lay,
— "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

IV. SECOND LINE

A summer's day? Ah, such a sentiment
Mellifluously sweeps into the ear.
Who may receive a richer compliment
Than to be called the focus of the year,
When all creation has fulfilled its end
And wears perfection as a laurel wreath?
Can fonder praise be loosed upon a friend
Or greater worth afforded such belief?
When Shakespeare did contrast warm summer's face
With his beloved in beauty's looking-glass,
So as to trance each contour of their grace,
How swiftly did his judgment come to pass!
For Shakespeare in the second line did state,
— "Thou art more lovely and more temperate.

V. THIRD LINE

Perfection's locked by moderation's key,
For beauty is the balance of all things;
Divergent chords blend into symphony
As virtues mix the majesty of kings,
As colors dye the wonderment of dawn.
All parts in place excite aesthetic awe
To dreamer's heart. The rippling of a fawn
Is harmony without a trace of flaw.
And in his lover Shakespeare found delight
More than in all of summer's gaudy toys,
And wrote his words like harbingers in flight,
Announcing love transcends the season's joys;
For even summer's glory dims away,
— "Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,

VI. FOURTH LINE

As brightest malmsey goads a deeper thirst
Does marless beauty spur voracious bards;
But smudgings of a masterpiece shall burst
The poet's heart into a million shards.
Harsh breath on mirror slays the image there,
As touched snow betrays applauding eyes,
Or too much perfume vilifies the air;
A flaw perceived, and thus perfection dies.
Immoderation poxes summer's art
With dartling dust; the year's maturity
Is rudely shook. The vulgar winds impart
The woeful loss of nature's purity.
The fragile captivation must abate,
— "And summer's lease hath all too short a date.

VII. FIFTH LINE

A hint of carpe diem, *yet in truth,*
How quickly does the solstice rise and fall!
No sooner do we taste the joys of youth
Than we must heed antiquity's shrill call.
So too the spendors of the summers sweet
With teasing winks of the hearts of men allure,
Yet prove themselves too fickle and too fleet,
Mere glimpses of a bliss that shan't endure.
Aye, summer's but a sunstart on a stream
That bursts before the eyes and is then gone,
Or like unto a naiad in a dream
Who vanishes with the first nudge of dawn.
Concinnities this metaphor combines,
— "Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,

VIII. SIXTH LINE

Affluency is more akin to vice
Than virtue; 't is the sated tongue that's dull.
A virgin's charms more easily entice
A saintly man than simpers of a trull.
All pleasures cloyed no longer effervesce,
Nor buoy a dreamer's bliss, nor titillate
With tingling raptures souls that coalesce:
The kindling must be rationed to the grate.
Too hot the eye by which the passions see,
And thus the flames consume themselves too soon.
Again does moderation seem to be
The clear refrain of Shakespeare's comely tune.
With vivid hues the summer's scene is limned,
— "And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;

IX. SEVENTH LINE

Would'st caliph keep concubines all in veil,
As if the shroud were fairer than the face?
Rued is the day that wears its visage pale,
For melancholy lacks all comely grace.
On broodful days great ashen clouds bedight
The summer sky to shade the blue to grey,
And snatch the pearls from the crown of night,
And dull the dazzles in the sun's gold ray.
What sorrow drums the heart that must behold
The rainbow's ghost in the auroral air,
While covetously grotesque shapes enfold
The iridescence with a gaunt despair.
How well did Shakespeare read the waning signs,
— "And every fair from fair sometime declines,

X. EIGHTH LINE

Each beauty is by beauty made the less,
As the kaleidoscopic summer proves:
The rose must shed its borrowed loveliness.
Within this line the master bard removes
The verdant mask of summer, and beneath
He finds the grim appearance of frore rime.
The shrivelled rose droops horridly with grief,
The ravished victim of lasciv'ous time.
The pascal summer, lashed by feral whips
Of lupine winds, ascends with stately mien
Its destined cross; the high priest Autumn strips
The lamb of all its raiment's woven sheen.
With vapid shades the summer's scene is limned,
— "By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd;

XI. NINTH LINE

Does Shakespeare claim that nature runs its course
Like foolish Phaeton in the Grecian myth,
By giving reigns to that chaotic horse
Which scorched the Earth? His words are heavy with
A sad reproach 'gainst inconsistency.
"Oh constant, constant" cries the poet's soul;
Yet beauties fleet away incessantly,
As if oblivion were to be their goal.
If chance be cruel, who shall worship him?
If nature's cycle never ends its flight
But e'er revolves its features, bright then dim,
What pining heart shall find it a delight?
With fickleness the summer is arrayed,
— "But thy eternal summer shall not fade,

XII. TENTH LINE

Immortal thoughts transcend the mortal years
And lend to dust their immortality.
It is the lover's dream which perseveres
And adds to love a timeless quality.
Though summer withers its magnificence
And squanders all the pleasures spring has spun,
The boundless beauty of beneficence
With measured patience shall forever run.
In his beloved the Bard of Stratford saw
With willful insight, th' aspects and those traits
So piercingly divine they humble awe,
And satisfy the heart with constant weights.
Swept in such thought did Shakespeare softly boast,
— "Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,

XIII. ELEVENTH LINE

When altruistic lovers contemplate
The sundry aspects of their object's form,
The faults perceived their own hearts vindicate:
The force of love is beauty's only norm.
The macrocosmic ecstasy that's sought
In other's grace, the ardent heart shall find;
Nor can the most beloved reduce the thought
So infinite within the lover's mind.
The lucid loveliness that eyes devour
Is ne'er consumed. Though memory can feast
Eternally upon a single flow'r,
The beauty shall not ever be decreased.
None can destroy what greater love has made,
— "Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,

XIV. TWELFTH LINE

The architect of poetry is blest
Above all else, for he has made of time
A mighty servant, shackled to invest
Eternity to his constructed rhyme.
Creative spirits overwhelm vain Death
With ageless word; invading his domain
They slay the reaper with a tender breath,
And mark his tombstone with a soft refrain.
No creeping shade can devastate with hoar
The lovely facets of a human face,
Nor braggard Doom diminish it e'ermore
If it be locked in poetry's embrace.
No more can Death of fouling beauty boast,
— "When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st.

XV. THIRTEENTH LINE

Of whom is it that Shakespeare does proclaim
That envied gift which only Muses give?
His title matters not, nor does his name,
Nor in what manner he did choose to live.
In earlier concertos Shakespeare urged
A certain youth to propagate his fairs,
Lest all those glories be in him submerged
And ne'er released to glorify his heirs.
Who loosens beauty blossoms forth a truth
Which neither wind nor time can e'er decay.
Perhaps this sonnet's meant for that same youth
Who would not give his summer's charms away.
And if not, let mine own heart make it be,
— "So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,

XVI. FOURTEENTH LINE

Through galaxies the dulcet sigh of love
Is wafted by the poet's imag'ry,
Till it has soared beyond the portals of
The godlands where the Fates spin destiny.
Ah, Atropos be bound! Lachesis weave
An endless thread; the Muses so command!
What mortals covet poets can achieve
With eye-filled hearts and writing-quill in hand.
No sweeter compliment has e'er been known
Than this comparison that Shakespeare drew;
No gift so great as shall outlast the stone
Of pyramid — a beauty ever new.
Alone the poet shares divinity —
— "So long lives this, and this gives life to thee."

XVII. CONCLUSION

Th' accumulation of the diverse themes
Is patent in the echo of this line;
And so within posterity's broad streams
Shall flow the youth whom Shakespeare did enshrine
With aura brighter than that which he gave
A summer's day, Dame Nature's sweetest pose.
Here is the constancy which poet's crave —
Suspended beauty of the mortal rose!
Not Spring arising in the Orient,
Nor ashen Autumn tainting Summer's glow,
Nor Winter with its frigid temperament
Can waste the wonders Shakespeare's skills bestow.
This sonnet seems a cataract of praise,
A universe of love for countless days.

XVIII. EPILOGUE

The tragic twilight specter greyly haunts
The darkling stage, impatient to commence
His slow, modonic dirge, like Death that vaunts
Its own impuissance, without diffidence.
So come, sweet Muse, before the dusk can creep
Into thine eyes, and snuff my tapered lays.
This sonnet's scented memory I'll keep
To fragrant all my other summer days.
I do not wish to hear the melody
Of callow moon, for I have heard the sun
Cascade munificence upon the sea;
The pilgrim's misty offerings are done.
The song is ended, and the minstrel fades
As evanescent as his serenades.

— JOHN BRUENING

Cleveland au Condon: A Secret Exposed

Cleveland: the Best Kept Secret, *by George Condon, 372 pp., Doubleday, $5.95. A readable and entertaining portrait of a city, prepared in a light-hearted vein by an author who sees the past as more enjoyable than the present and the future as better than both.*

* *

Cleveland has been slandered many times recently by outsiders as being the worst location in the nation, the mistake on the lake, or the largest small town in America. Her own citizens many times express agreement with these statements, considering them to be not the least bit treasonous. These two groups should read George Condon's book to come to a better understanding of Cleveland's colorful past, present and even better future.

As a general columnist for Cleveland's leading newspaper, the *Plain Dealer*, George Condon has learned much about Cleveland. But it may be hard for Clevelanders, who are often cynical, to accept the rosy picture of Cleveland that Condon paints. This book is his attempt to demonstrate to Cleveland and the nation that much can be said in defense of Cleveland, Clevelanders, and the city's claim to be the "best location in the nation."

When Moses Cleaveland founded the city in 1796 he chose the mouth of the Cuyahoga river for the site. Cleveland has been blessed ever since with a good harbor and a mid-afternoon conversation topic. The river is best known for the disputes in which it has been involved. One of the early disputes was between Cleveland and the citizens of Ohio City, the near West Side's original town, about where the bridges across the river were to be built. After the West Side was annexed to Cleveland the dispute ended. Now Clevelanders hardly notice crossing the once beautiful river because many high level bridges span the Flats. Whether the fact that Clevelanders now can avoid looking at the rusty (or worse) colored river is one of the reasons why the city has permitted the view to be so abused can be debated; but it remains true that the great natural beauty that Moses Cleaveland and early Clevelanders noticed has been ruined by the industrial complex and the pollution that they pour daily into this once beautiful river.

Cleveland city planners did, however, lay out wide streets in the downtown area with a beautiful park known as Public Square. The four parks which comprise the Square and the events that have occurred in each are well chronicled by Condon. Recalling the comic circumstances that surrounded the hanging of the Indian, John O'Mic, he notes that the wide city streets were filled with a

large out-of-town crowd coming to watch the city's first hanging. These same streets, when not crowded, add much to creating the desolate feeling that is often complained about during the after hours; but during the day Clevelanders praise the planners for their wisdom, because the city moves.

The Soldiers and Sailors Monument's controversial history is fully explained along with the history of one of America's longest streets, Euclid Avenue, which, beginning at the Monument, runs in a straight line to East 105th Street, where it begins to sway and wobble on its way to Buffalo. Along this street, during the last century, the millionaires of Cleveland built their mansions between East 9th Street and East 40th Street. This was also the area for social climbers to build in. Cleveland, according to Condon, had more than its fair share of these colorful people. While they were never successful, their stories are interesting reading as written by Condon.

His lively stories about the competition that existed during the last century between Cleveland's early papers make the present circulation battle appear like a minor skirmish. His remark about the active interest in politics the former Cleveland editors and publishers took, leads to the conclusion that it will be unnatural if Thomas Vail, editor and publisher of the *Plain Dealer,* does not follow in that tradition.

The best known law enforcement officer (besides J. Edgar Hoover) worked as Cleveland's Public Safety Director during the Thirties. Eliot Ness receives a chapter telling his interesting and controversial story, including his tragic (traffic?) downfall from public responsibility and his defeat in his attempt to become mayor.

Other Clevelanders such as John D. Rockefeller and Marcus A. Hanna, along with some of lesser renown, are included with stories about such institutions as Short Vincent Street, and early settlers like the Shakers. All these chapters are handled with the same care that George Condon uses daily when writing about more contemporary Clevelanders. The succinct humor, ironic observations, and intelligent insights which mark his other writings also appear throughout this book. And he succeeds in providing a very readable popular history which does not permit facts to interfere with his primary goal of providing entertainment.

There are a few points that Condon discusses that serve as an important topic in analyzing why Clevelanders are often disgusted with their city. If one is to understand Cleveland as Condon does these points need to be expanded.

In this book Cleveland is defended as a town undergoing great change which, when finished, will leave an even greater Cleveland. During the years that Tom Johnson, Marcus Hanna, and John D. Rockefeller lived in Cleveland the city was both popular and progressive. After the Van Swerigen brothers began to develop Cleveland during the Twenties, the city underwent a renaissance. The Depression ended that progress in which her citizens could take pride. Since that time, progressive measures such as the Rapid Transit and Erieview under Mayor Celebrezze have been undertaken, but they have never produced the spirit necessary to overcome the lethargy present throughout the community.

During the years 1901-1909, Cleveland's mayor was Tom Johnson, who should have been a Republican because of his wealth, but was a Democrat because of his support of Henry George's single tax theory. That Tom Johnson would support such a radical plan is indeed odd because if it had been adopted would have hurt men who, like Johnson, tried to make a profit by operating municipal franchises. His support for this tax was a result of his inability to disprove the theory, according to those who have written on this topic.

While Johnson never did give up his franchises (as he said he would if he could not prove the theory wrong) Condon remarks that "some of the sparkle had gone out of the money-making game." As mayor he placed Cleveland in the public utility business by establishing a city-owned power system to fight Cleveland Electric Illuminating's monopoly. The Democratic nominee for mayor this year, Carl Stokes, advocates selling this power system to C.E.I. because it has become more of a burden on the taxpayers. This may be true and if so the muny power system has served its purpose. C.E.I.'s rates were muny system began operation, showing that competition, at one time, was good.

One of the greatest triumphs that Mayor Johnson had was his preventing the sale of valuable lakefront land to the New York Central Railroad north of the present lakefront tracks. The previous mayor and council agreed to sell this land before Johnson was elected in 1904 but during the campaign he obtained an injunction against the city, preventing it from selling the land until three days after the election. The ballots were counted in record time, with Johnson taking office thirty-seven minutes before the injunction expired. As Condon puts it: "No city ever got such a bargain . . . simply by substituting one mayor for another."

Since Tom Johnson's defeat in 1909 Cleveland's many mayors have never approached the job with such spirit, providing Cleveland with solutions to problems while they could still be easily solved.

During the Twenties Cleveland's most civic minded men did not work in City Hall. They were the two brothers Van Swerigen, Mantis James and Otis Paxton. These two men moved Cleveland's center of business to Public Square and the city's influential residents up unto the Heights. These two developments have had a profound effect on the life of Cleveland.

As a base of operations the two brothers built Terminal Tower. From here they managed their real estate and railroad holdings with such ability that—at one time—they owned companies with assets of over four billion dollars.

The wealth that built Terminal Tower and Shaker Heights was accumulated in pyramid style, as Condon observes:

> To make Shaker Village succeed, they built a rapid line. To make the rapid transit line successful they bought a railroad and built Union Terminal. To make the railroad successful they bought other railroads.

Shaker Heights and the eastern suburbs have had a great effect on Cleveland. The movement of the middle and upper classes out of the eastern part of the city proper is the single most important factor in demoralizing Cleveland. The city

itself now is suffering because those who live in the comfortable east side suburbs live off Cleveland like parasites. They work in the city and patronize her cultural centers but fail to offer the city any help in overcoming the problems that, like all major cities, Cleveland faces. Perhaps these last two sentences do not apply to those wealthy Republicans who move into the city near election-time to try to help Cleveland by running for mayor.

Much of the cynicism present in Cleveland results from the tremendous job of overselling Cleveland to Clevelanders (put on by the newspapers) and the nation by perverting the valid phrase of C.E.I., "Cleveland and Northeastern Ohio . . . The best location in the nation for many industries," to "Cleveland the best location in the nation." While both of these statements may be true it must be realized that overselling this point is harmful because it demands too much of the reader to believe it or accept it if he happens to be prejudiced otherwise. This boasting also alienates many would-be supporters of Cleveland who do not know the factual nature of the claim.

However, Cleveland in the future should be more worthy of this edited statement. One of the reasons is the founding of two universities in the downtown area of Cleveland which expect an enrollment of over fifty-thousand students in 1980. Cleveland State University, founded in 1965 by Governor Rhodes, will have a 135-acre campus and thirty-thousand students, many of whom will be living on campus, in fifteen years. Cuyahoga Community College has a forty-acre campus planned for an enrollment of over twenty-thousand students.

In a brilliant analysis of the problems of urban renewal Condon points out the benefit of having two downtown campuses:

> The most common complaint against downtown urban renewal programs in most American cities has been that while the destruction of old streets and ramshackle neighborhoods beautifies, the renewal effort tends to sterilize. It is all very well to replace eyesores with monumental buildings and splashing fountains, but these lifeless objects do not attract people downtown at night. Renewal too often has meant depopulation that not even the construction of highrise apartment buildings is enough to return life to the center of the renovated city.
>
> Cleveland thinks it has found the best solution to the problem in the placement downtown of these two educational centers. . . . With so many young people downtown, there can't be any question where the action will be.

The city has been called "the most cultivated city in America" by the London *Financial Times.* The title is not inappropriate when one considers that she is the home of one of the best symphony orchestras in the world. The Cleveland Symphony Orchestra, conducted by George Szell, is celebrating its fiftieth anniversary this year in Severence Hall, built in 1931 with a two and a half million dollar contribution by John L. Severence.

The Cleveland Museum of Art, which just celebrated its first half century, is now considered second only to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Its home is in the University Circle area, along with some thirty more cultural institutions.

This American Parnassus of more than five hundred acres is also the home of Severence Hall, the Western Reserve Historical Society, the Museum of Art, the Fine Arts and Cultural Gardens, the Cleveland Institute of Art, Institute of Music, Case-Western Reserve University, University Hospital, and the Museum of Natural History.

Anyone residing in Cleveland who does not visit this beautiful area frequently, is denying himself a tremendously enriching experience. Unlike most cultural centers in America, University Circle offers its visitors sidewalks, an abundance of grass, and beautiful shade trees.

The most unfortunate aspect of this center of culture is that it is so very near to one of America's greatest slums, Hough. It is a tragic fear of violence that keeps many Clevelanders from visiting this center; but in another sense it is even more tragic that those in so much need of any cultural experience have not been offered programs which would educate them culturally. This is one of Cleveland's greatest failures.

Clevelanders may not take the proper attitude toward their great town; not much I say will change their opinion. Perhaps George Condon will have more success in overcoming the lethargy and cynicism of Clevelanders. If he fails it is not that he was unworthy of the task; it is that Cleveland was not ready to be awakened. To those who have not yet been overcome by any of the variety of insidious attitudes floating about just south of Lake Erie, I say support Cleveland, appreciate her as a great city, and most of all, don't keep it a secret.

— JAMES L. McCRYSTAL

•

My Friend and I

Fool Quixote was riding his horse
Into the farthest reaches of hell

And I was simply sitting
Watching a window where the women are playing

And we both sign our names the same
On the ledger
In Limbo's Hotel where we're staying

— MARK YUNGBLUTH

Just About Dead Letters

Old letters never die
but pouring over the mail
in some forgotten drawer
can kill an afternoon or two.

Dog-eared and frayed at the edges.
Thumbing through torn pages.
ripped by the readjustments
of countless readings.

It's suddenly strange that
yesterday's words should wake up
today creaking at the joints
and yellowed with age.

They're just a stranger who
passed this way some years ago.
lived on your block once
but the face's outgrown the familiarity
of his name.

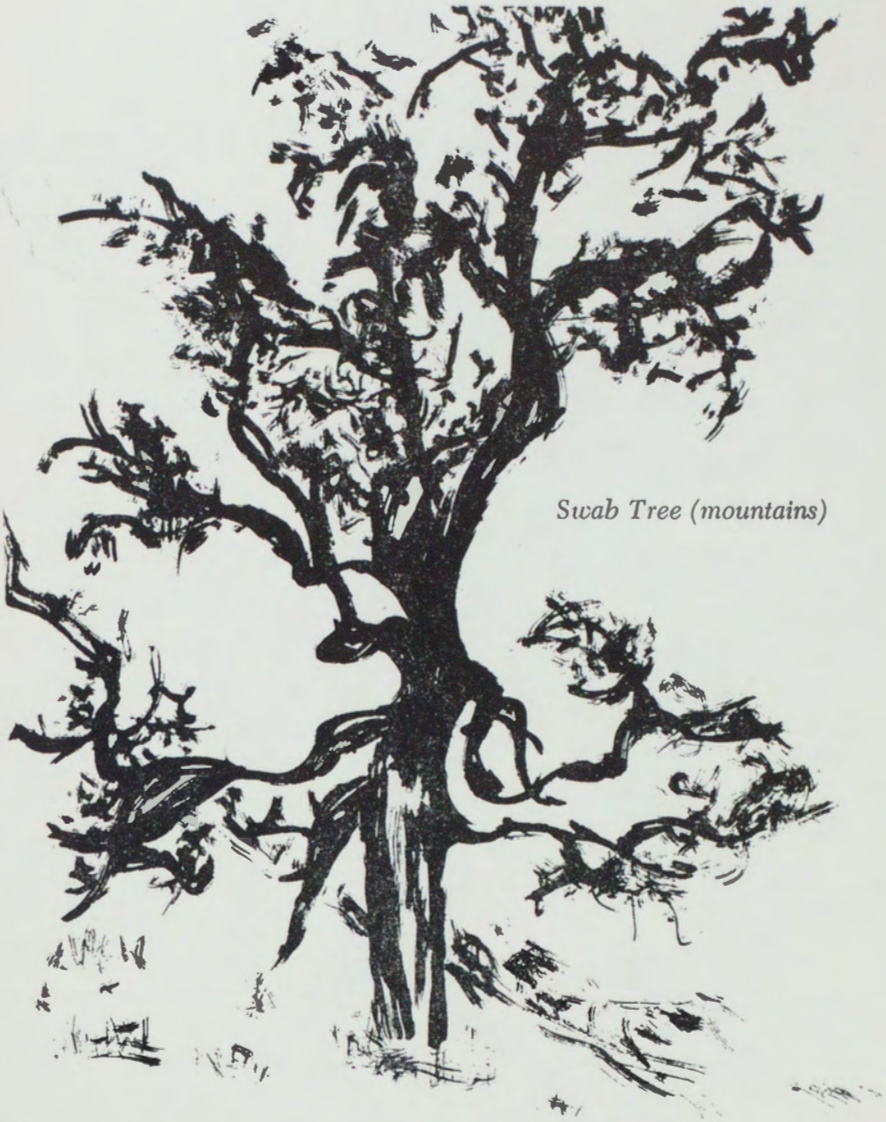
Still.
They really haven't changed.
just seem different 'cause
they were hidden for a while.

Just older now.
Things don't chAnGE and age
at the same tiME (let alone
right before YOUr eYES).

Got the postcard from them
all in a late afternoon.
stating (in effect)
a simple postscript:
Rome wasn't built in a day.

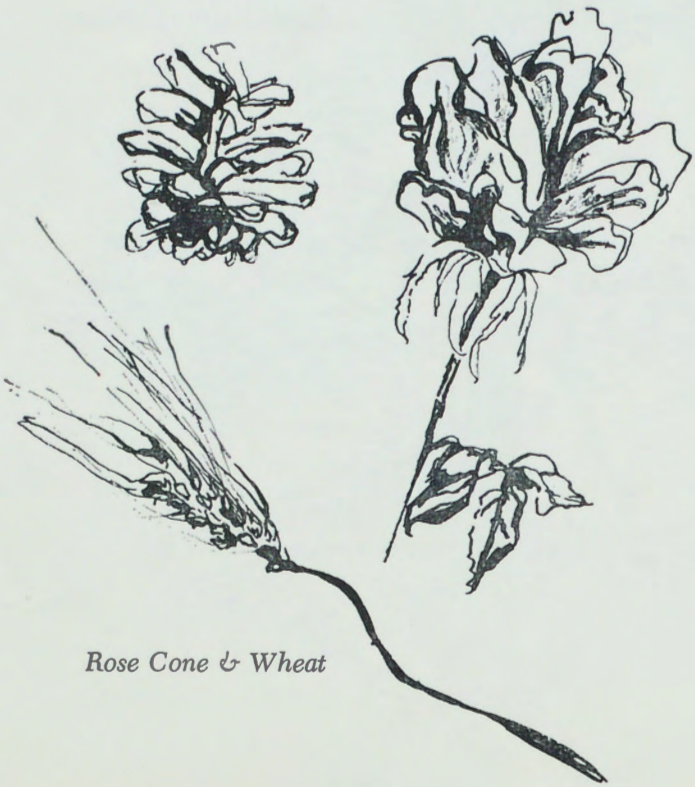
(It grew up overnight.)

— RAY HOLAN



Swab Tree (mountains)

Three Shells



Rose Cone & Wheat

Stipple Tree

Sketches by Mary Ann Magner

The Pianist

The landlord's son
Chooses tones
That gently glide
The lonely breezes home
To the windows of
A warm upper room
Where a gloomy heart
Wonders where
The landlord's son's
Lovely lyrics come from.

— ANN C. BRINK

Trip Take Me, Girl

Trip take me, Girl,
Woman-child,
Down vortex blue love pipe,
Draw me up, Babe,
From sucking vacuity
Of world drop outs
From clanging cymbals
Of thought humpers
Armed with word darts.
Sing me blues, Mama,
Sing sweet tongue and play
warm body,
Groove me clean; I'll be
your lover
Not your stud.
So soul-dance me, Love,
Love-stir me, Soul,
Take me, green, your purple
paths
Lead me to your sacred alleys
Your smoky altars,
Tell me of Mister Chikoporis.
Where does he live
And, does he blow pot?
You've been there,
It's very nice.

— ANONYMOUS

Portrait of the Artist

Those wide lapels and the shovel tie
should have told me that this poet pictured
in the anthology
who spent a page au Musée des Beaux Arts
was older now.
So, surprised was I when older, well dressed, and
slippered I am told by a Monday morning chronicle,
Auden walked on stage.
Thank God though for his shaggy hair,
the volumes-in-hand, marked by papers, which
in themselves were all their state,
the mumbling voice explaining words we would not know,
more solemn; set the crowd afire,
to postpone the blinding photo flash until the show was over.
(Good show Wystan Hugh!
For these poetic gestures are the only thing to tell us
you are what they claim you to be.)
His art, of course, is the first credential, the best,
the only one to matter when the crowds have left.
But we three, romantics at a sterile age, must
have first rejoiced in those hundred little lines
cut deep by thought into the face, yellow
and cowled by a shock of grey.

Sixty years of being, forty-four of poetry,
can, of course, be disregarded unless
you are a critic or hope to write good art. For,
if we avoid the man for who he is,
what good is all this late night sweat.
Then the page of poetry
can be overlooked
for a tweed or dust jacket pipe pose (or burning cigarette).
The art . . . is the only thing to matter . . .

– RICHARD CLARK

The Great Gatsby: a New Form

Theatre, basically defined, is an acting out of something before an audience. The definition applies to any production, whether it is a melodrama, tragedy, comedy, or musical extravaganza. This basic principle has one of its purest applications however in Readers Theatre. Only pantomime places more mental and imaginative demands on actor and audience.

Readers Theatre lacks costuming, mobile lighting, make-up, sets, music, and the other elements that are basic to the modern stage. By not depending on the externals of stage production, the actor must rely upon himself to develop characterization, realistic dialogue, and scene description. This type of production presumes the imaginative ability of an audience to place themselves, with the actors, into the spirit of what is being presented. Readers Theatre thrives on this intimacy between actor and audience.

Readers Theatre, although stage plays can be adapted to it, is not limited to them for material. Ideally, any literary form is suited to Readers Theatre presentation — biography, poetry, short story, author analysis, fable, or novel. Adaption from the written form to the "live" performance is the main problem to be met in editing a work for Readers Theatre. Frequently, length may require severe cutting. In editing, then, the author's original intent is always of prime importance. Some works are difficult to edit for Readers Theatre, while others, in the author's original language, lend themselves readily to the Readers Theatre style.

F. Scott Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* is an example of the latter. The main reason for this is Fitzgerald's use of the narrator, Nick Carraway. In the novel, Nick tells the story in a personal, conversational manner. In Readers Theatre these narrative passages still contain Fitzgerald's rich description of the people and places of the Jazz Age and also serve to reveal the character of Nick himself.

Nick is the medium through which Jay Gatsby, a mysterious romantic of unexplained wealth and lavish generosity, attempts to fulfill a quixotic dream. Daisy Buchanon, Nick's cousin, is Gatsby's dream. Her established wealth, high social stature, and graceful beauty motivate Gatsby's love. In a tribute

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Editor's note: The Little Theatre Society is presenting in Readers Theatre Fitzgerald's *The Great Gatsby* on November 6, 8, 10, 14, 16, 17, 20, and 21. All performances are in the Library Lecture Room and begin at 7:00 p.m.

to this love Gatsby elaborately attempts to prove he can enter Daisy's frivolous world of wealthy respectability. Gatsby's aspiration is destroyed by Daisy's husband, Tom, an arrogant defender of his own ignorant self-esteem. Tom ruins Gatsby by discovering bootlegging as the source of his wealth, thus shattering his assumed sense of social and financial self-respect. Tom does this not to protect his wife; indeed, he knows too well that Daisy would never leave the world of the established rich. Rather, he exposes Gatsby because of his haughty malice for anyone who would so boldly attempt to enter the world of estates, world cruises, and polo ponies.

Gatsby's shady friend, Meyer Wolfsheim, and Tom's earthy, pitiful mistress, Myrtle, provide the novel's irony and enhance the tangled human relations Fitzgerald presents. The narrator, Nick, links the vibrant characters of *The Great Gatsby* and the boisterous age in which they live. Nick has a part in both the world of the Buchanons and of Gatsby and, in narration, comments on them. As a result, Fitzgerald, through Nick, meaningfully criticizes the hopeless human situation found in people living for a shabby American dream.

In editing for time's sake a Readers Theatre adaptation of *The Great Gatsby* must necessarily suffer the loss of some of Fitzgerald's fluent prose. This loss is compensated for, though, by bringing the novel to life on the stage. To transfer Fitzgerald's brilliance from print to dramatic presentation is the challenge of Readers Theatre.

— JAMES I. O'CONNOR

•

Repose of Culture

There upon the sandy beaches of Italy
lies my ancient genius
sun-tanned and bored,
where oiled bodies are
to attract his eager,
hot eyes.
My mind, however, is still here
among the jay palaces, now ruins,
where I spent the days of my happy
adolescence, and wants him back.
But it is a futile call
for the times are past
and he is tired.
That ancient sage has retired
to enjoy the product of his age.

— GIACOMO STRIULI